

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

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[NO. 36.

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

On the causes and effects of Early Marriages.

AMONG those trifling casuists who love to moot a point, and to open a door for discussion on every subject, and particularly among those female debaters, who, when love or marriage is the topic of discourse, display an ease of oratory, and a fund of information, which cannot be attained by the less eloquent sex; it has often been enquired, whether early or late marriages be the more conducive to comfort, and almost as often has it been decided, that late marriages are the more certain purveyors of happiness; yet, in the vast crowd of ladies who in theory favour this opinion, how few can be found who support it by practice, and who, if an early opportunity is offered of establishing themselves in life, can sacrifice the pleasure which appears within their grasp, for the chance of a more solid, though distant felicity; perhaps this inconsistency arises, in many cases, rather from necessity than choice, sometimes from deference to the custom or opinions of the world, and sometimes from parental coercion.

With respect to the former of these probable causes, namely, custom or opinion, it must be a source of regret to all that consider these matters, to observe how many impertinent, frosty coxcombs are swimming on the surface of fashion, fellows who, if I may be allowed to use their technical terms suppose that young ladies come out merely for the purpose of being got off; who sneer at a girl after her second winter, and who take it into their heads, that a commodity which has so long been in the market unsold, must needs be of no value. It is much to be wished, that a few of those ladies, whose example is respected, would disregard this idle and insolent fashion, recollect that a father and mother are for the most part as indulgent as a

husband; after their death, and the dissolution of their establishment, it may possibly be as comfortable to live on a small income, single and uncontrolled, as to sacrifice independence for the chance of presiding at a more splendid dinner, for the privilege of changing a surname, and for the benefit of paying visits without a Chaperon. The prejudices against old maids are become, in some degree, obsolete; it is to be hoped they will soon be totally forgotten. Indeed it seems quite as respectable to have refused solicitations, (for small indeed is the number of ladies who never had an offer) as to have snapped the first bait that was held out, and accepted a husband in way of a bargain.

With regard to the other case of early marriages, parental coercion, it has been the subject of declamation and the source of regret, ever since novelists could scribble, papas bluster, or misses complain. So many instances have been adduced of the fatal results which perpetually follow this ill-directed operation of authority, that it seems almost superfluous to add another tale to the files that already occupy the closet and the circulating library; but the story I am going to relate, is one so full of extraordinary incidents, and so illustrative of the absurdity against which I have been speaking, that I know not how to conclude my observations with more advantage, than by giving you my tale. It was related to me a few days ago, by a gentleman who resided in the West Indies, where the event happened, and though a number of years have elapsed since its occurrence, the singularity of the facts even now preserves them from oblivion.

The scene of the following story was the island of St. Vincents.—There, in the interior of the country, lived Mr. M. an Englishman of fortune. He had accumulated his wealth in a traffic, of all others the most completely calculated to steel the heart against the feelings of humanity, and inspire it with contempt for the out-

cries of justice. At the age of forty he married an amiable woman, who died in the moment of giving birth to a daughter; and the young Maria was brought up by a relation of Mr. M. her father being generally occupied at a distance from home, in disturbing the quiet of men, whose colour had condemned them to ignominy.

During Maria's residence with her cousin, she had met with Captain T. a young officer in the British service, stationed off St. Vincents, and as his stay in the West Indies was of considerable duration, he had frequent opportunities of seeing and admiring Miss M. By the flattering attentions which he constantly paid her, by the suavity of his manners, the abilities of his mind, and the reputation of his courage, he in no very long space made a considerable impression on her heart. His fortune, though not large, was independent; and his prospects in life were, from connexion as well as merit, so exceedingly agreeable, that Mr. M. was induced to encourage his address to Maria.

The union was determined, and every arrangement complete, when a sudden communication from the commanding officer of the station, rendered it necessary for Captain T. to leave St. Vincents for several weeks. A few days after his departure, an old Spaniard, of immense fortune, who had purchased an extensive property in the neighbourhood of Mr. M. came to settle on his estate; and being struck by the charms, which his age did not prevent him from discerning in Maria, he called upon her father with a written matrimonial proposal, containing the most liberal offers. An advance of such a nature was highly agreeable to Mr. M.; and he instantly sent for Maria, to inform her that sterling reasons had induced him to resolve on a speedy termination of the captain's views; that she must forget as soon as possible his former reception, nay, even his very name; and that in six weeks time she must be ready to espouse the Don.

Now Maria was a girl, in general, perfectly obedient to her father; but a taste for novels, and other valuable and instructive works, had endowed her with a portion of fortitude and romantic sensibility, by no means conducive to the state of mind into which her father required her to bring herself. She told him that she never would abandon the vows of fidelity which she had plighted to her former lover; that she considered a marriage, where the heart had not its share, in every way void and nugatory; and that even were she compelled to unite herself with the Spaniard, she should certainly seize upon the first opportunity of quitting him.

Mr. M. for a few moments was petrified, but presently waking from his trance, he exhibited every symptom of madness; he foamed at the mouth, stamped with both his feet, and when his fury had sufficiently subsided to give utterance to his indignation, he addressed himself to Maria, who, having expended almost all the ammunition of her courage, stood trembling, with her hands resting on the back of a chair.

"And so you pretend to argue do you?" said Mr. M. "you! a child! a brat! curse me if ever I could find out what women have to do with reason, and such nonsense. And you will not marry the man whom I have chosen to make you happy. But harkee, Miss Maria, either you resolve at once upon marrying him this day se'n night or by G— you don't stir out of your chamber till you do!"

"Well sir," said the young lady, collecting her spirits to a focus, "if it be your will to confine me, I have no alternative; and a thousand times rather would I allow my person to be fettered, than my mind."

"This comes of your novel-reading," exclaimed her father. "It is there you learn your fine doctrines about bearing imprisonment for love, and leaving your husband in the lurch. But you shall marry Don Pedro; in the mean time you may amuse yourself with your own agreeable thoughts; and, when you have determined quickly to obey my will, you will be let out of your room; till then, hell shall not move you the breadth of a finger."

So he very politely took her by the arm, and led her, unresisting, into her chamber. An old female servant, on whom he could depend, was employed to supply her with every thing she wanted except pens, ink, and paper; and, contenting himself with the accounts which this domestic used to give him, he spared himself the trouble of visiting his daughter's apartment.—For three or four days Maria consoled herself with a number of soothing reflections, and did not know whether, upon the whole, her confinement was not a matter rather pleasing than vexatious; for she thought she had now a most delightful opportunity of displaying romantic heroism, and made sure that her inflexible constancy would shortly subdue her terrific papa. But when five weeks had elapsed, and no appearance was discernible in that papa in the least approximated to her wishes, she began to imagine that there was not so much sport in a lonely confinement, as at first she had been willing to believe. For a fortnight afterwards, she gradually grew more and more gloomy; and at last, thinking any conditions advantageous which afforded her the liberty of departing from her bed-room, she was prevailed upon, at the expiration of two months' imprisonment to

join her hand with the skinny palm of Don Pedro. The ceremony was performed in the house of Mr. M. and Maria, the moment it was over, fainted in her husband's arms. She continued for some days extremely indisposed; but when she was deemed sufficiently strong for the jaunt, her new master transferred her from her father's habitation to his own, and she gradually recovered her health, though not her cheerfulness.

[To be continued.]

The Temple of Vanity.

HAVING seen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of buildings that stood within view of the temple of Honour, and was raised in imitation of it, upon the very same model; but, at my approach to it, I found that the stones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric stood upon so weak a foundation, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the Temple of Vanity. The goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than she would have done in open day-light. Her whole art was to shew herself more beautiful and majestic than she really was. For which reason, she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her breast: but what I more particularly observed, was the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern fardingal. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and prating politicians, with a rabble of those who had only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the temple, choaked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the sea-shore. I made it my business, in my return towards the part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the walks which led to this temple; for I met in it several who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company: but, upon examination, I found that there were several paths, which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked turns and windings, that those who travelled thro' them, often turned their backs upon the temple of Virtue, then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, till the crooked path which they were engaged in, again led them into the wood. The several alleys of these wanderers had their particular ornaments; one of them I could not but take notice of, in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom, by the inscription, I found to be Machiavell, pointing out the way, with an extended finger, like a Mercury.

TATLER.

On Honour.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion,

which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This essay therefore is chiefly designed for those, who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do a mean action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him; the other, as something that is offensive to the Divine Being: the one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour when he declares "that were there no God to see and punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature."

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba:

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not;
It is not to be sported with.

CATO.

In the second place, we are to consider those, who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find those who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us, who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion; who looks upon anything as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society; who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues, and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile

at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors ; but, like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it ; as there is more hope of an heretic than an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour, with old Sypax in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuit of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakespear's phrase, "are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men ;" whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undraped. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic, that comes in competition with their present interest ; and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare to stand up, in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue.

Guardian.

Swift and Pope.

"Dean Swift discharged a servant for rejecting the petition of a poor old woman, who, on a cold morning, sat at the deanery steps a considerable time, during which the dean saw her through a window, and no doubt commiserated her desolate condition. His footman happened to come to the door ; and the poor creature besought him, in a piteous tone, to give that paper to his reverence. The servant read it ; and told her with infinite scorn, "His master had something else to mind than her petition." "What is that you say, fellow ?" said the dean, looking out of the window. The man tremblingly obeyed him. He also desired the poor woman to come before him, made her sit down, and ordered her some bread and wine. After which he turned to the man and said, "At what time, Sir, did I order you to open a paper directed to me, or to refuse a letter from any one ? Hark ye, sirrah, you have been admonished by me for drunkenness, idling, and other faults ; but, since I have discovered your inhuman disposition, I must dismiss you from my service ; so pull off your clothes, take your wa-

ges, and let me hear no more from you." The fellow did so ; and having vainly solicited a discharge, was compelled to go to sea, where he continued five years ; at the end of which time, finding that life far different from the ease and luxury of his former occupation, he returned, and humbly confessing in a petition to the dean his former manifold crimes, assured him of his sincere reformation, which the dangers he had undergone at sea had happily wrought ; and begged the dean would give him some sort of a discharge, since the honour of having lived with him would certainly procure him a place. Accordingly the dean called for pen, ink, and paper ; and gave the servant the following certificate."

"DEANERY-HOUSE, JAN. 9, 1739.

"Whereas the bearer served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and a drunkard ; I then discharged him as such ;—but how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter choose to employ him.

J. SWIFT."

"With this *recommendation*, and with no other fortune, this servant set out for London. Among others he applied to Pope, and produced the certificate ; Pope, on seeing the dean's hand-writing, which he well knew, told the man, "If he could produce any credible person, who could attest that he was the servant the dean meant, he would hire him." The man produced testimony to this fact ; upon which Pope took him into his service, in which he continued till the death of his master."

A Fragment.

* * * * * In the sheltering grave the woe-fraught heart will be at ease : the clouds of anguish which darken life's short day pervade not that still retreat. The poisonous breath of calumny, and the envenomed tongue of envy, here lose their corroding influence.—The sympathetic mind agonized by distress, and unable to support the storm of ill-fortune, sinks calmly into the embrace of death, into the placid enjoyment of uninterrupted tranquility. Oppressed virtue finds a secure asylum from overbearing greatness ; and the upbraiding charity of proud opulence is no longer painful to its object. The distinctions in society, which consign merit to oblivion and raise the worthless from the dust, are here forgotten. Unfeeling pride is disrobed of its splendid covering, and the gorgeous mantle is torn from the shoulders of the undeserving. Humble worth ceases to kneel suppliant at the feet of affluence, the lorn offspring of poverty fails to entreat from avarice the stinted boon.—The victim of malevolence, who essays in vain, to parry the thrusts of unmerited obloquy, glad that in death the dagger of contumely wounds not, welcomes with joyous aspect the closing period.

Short Lessons of Advice.

Love your fellow creatures, though vicious ; but hate vice in the friend you love most.

Never fish for praise—it is not worth the bait. Do well, but do not boast of it.

The greatest pleasure of life is love—the greatest treasure is contentment—and the greatest possession is health.

The Kiss—A TALE.

Translated from the German of M. Gersternburg.

WHEN I was a youth, my father sent to Paphos to study love, which I there learnt of a Dryad.....Fair one, you may now learn of me what a Kiss is. The Nymphs and Dryads never met to dance, without making me one of the party : for I was dedicated to the God of Love, and every thing within me expressed the sentiment.

At this tender age, I tasted the most pure pleasure. All Paphos, to me seemed to dance : for the little loves danced over my head, and the flowers danced under my feet. Among the Dryads there was one who affected always to choose me for her partner ; she never failed to smile at me sweetly, to squeeze my hand, and blush afterwards with all the graces of modesty.—And I squeezed also the hand of the Dryad, and blushed when I danced with her. Ever before Aurora had quitted the ocean, I was already in the grove, sporting with my amiable Dryad.

Sometimes I surprised her in the groves, where she had retired, amidst the thickest foliage, where she wished to be discovered : sometimes she watched me when I hid myself, and, when she discovered me, fled and I pursued in hopes of overtaking her. But all of a sudden she would enclose herself in the bark of an oak, and elude my pursuit. And when I had sought her long in vain, she used to burst into loud fits of laughter : then I entreated her to come out of her place of concealment, and immediately I saw her issue, smiling from the body of the tree.

One day I was playing with my Dryad in the wood, she tenderly patted my cheeks, and said, "Press your lips against mine." I pressed my lips against her's : but heavens ! what pleasure did I then experience ! No, the honey that flows from mount Hymetru is not so sweet ; nor the fruit of the vine of Surentum ; even nectar, which Ganymede presents to the immortal Gods, is a thousand times less delicious.

Then she again glued her lips to mine. In the intoxication of my transport, I cried, Oh, incomparable beauty ! tell me the name of this exquisite pleasure, which glides into my very soul from thy lips whenever our lips meet each other ? She answered me, with a gracious smile—a Kiss.

Electricity.

A gentleman in London, fond of electrical experiments, finding his Taylor very troublesome in his dunning visits, passed a wire from the rod of his machine to the knocker of his door, and several small wires under the door ; it being necessary for conveying the electrical shock that there should be two points of contact. Observing the taylor coming up stairs to his lodging room he locked the door, and set his machine in motion. Stay-tape knocked, and received a violent shock. His surprise was so great, that making more haste down stairs, than when ascending, fell, and bruised himself very considerably. Being since informed by a philosophical acquaintance, that there was no supernatural agency in the case, the Taylor has determined to bring his action for the bruises he received, his Lawyer being of opinion that the gentleman may be electrified in Westminster hall.

[London paper.]

Selected Poetry.

The Rose and Strawberry.

A FABLE.—BY PINDAR.

YOUNG WOMEN!—don't be fond of killing.

Too well I know your hearts unwilling
To hide beneath the veil a charm—
Too pleas'd a sparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the soul
Of every swain with love's alarm.
Yet, yet if PRUDENCE be not near,
Its snow may melt into a tear.

The dimpled smile and pouting lip,
Where little cupids nectar sip,
Are very pretty lures, I own :
But, ah ! if PRUDENCE be not nigh,
Those lips where all the CUPIDS lie,
May give a passage to a groan.

A ROSE, in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging around her rich perfume,
Her form to public notice pushing,
Amidst the summer's golden glow,
Peep'd on a STRAWBERRY below,
Beneath a leaf in secret blushing.

"MISS STRAWBERRY," exclaim'd the ROSE,
"What's beauty that no mortal knows ?
"What is a charm if never seen ?
"You really are a pretty creature :
"Then wherefore hide each blooming feature ?
"Come up and shew your modest mein."

"MISS ROSE," the STRAWBERRY replied,
"I never did possess a pride,
"That wish'd to dash the public eye :
"Indeed I own I am afraid—
"I think there's safety in the shade ;
"AMBITION causes many a sigh."

"Go, simple child," the ROSE rejoind'd,
"See how I wanton in the wind :
"I feel no danger's dread alarms ;
"And then observe the god of day,
"How amorous with his golden ray,
"To pay his visit to my charms."

No sooner said, but with a scream,
She started from her favorite theme—
A clown had on her fix'd his pat :
In vain she screech'd—Hob did but smile,
Rub'd with her leaves his nose awhile,
Then bluntly stuck her in his hat!!!

Anecdotes.

Two Clergymen entering into conversation, when one lamented the little power his preaching and admonitions had towards reclaiming his parishioners from their vices. To which the other replied that he had been more lucky, for he had made many of them proselytes to three capital virtues, namely, faith, hope and repentance. "Ay,"

says the other, "you have been very fortunate indeed! but pray by what means did you bring them to so happy a conversion?" "Why by borrowing their money; for had they not had faith in me that I should repay them, they had not lent it! after I had been indebted to them for some time, they hoped I should return it, but now they know I cannot pay them, they heartily repent they ever lent it to me."

IN one of the new towns in this state, the people gave a young clergyman, of small abilities, a call, to settle with them as their minister, which he accepted; a council was sent for to assist in his ordination—when they came to examine him his natural abilities were so small, that many of the council were opposed to his ordination; but after considerable debate, the moderator thus addressed the council. "Gentlemen, this is a new town, and this gentleman is young, and he may grow as well as the town—and tho' his abilities are not great, yet he may do for this small town; and besides this, we must remember that one star differs from another in glory."—As soon as he had done speaking, one of the council, Esq. R. addressed the moderator, "Sir, though it is true that one star differs from another in glory, yet we must mind and not take lightning bugs for stars.

To the Ladies.

Just published, and for sale at the Bookstore of THOMAS & TAPPAN, price one Dollar, the 4th edition of a new system of

DOMESTIC COOKERY,

Formed upon principles of economy, and adapted to the use of private families—by a LADY. Containing, Miscellaneous observations for the use of the Mistress of a Family—Different methods of cooking the several kinds of fish—Observations on dressing Fish.—On dressing Meats—On dressing Poultry—On making Pies—On making Soups—On making Gravies and Sauces—On making Vinegars and Pickles—On making Stews—On making Salads and boiling Vegetables—Small Dishes for Supper—Fricémeat for Patties, Balls, or Stuffing—Pastry—Puddings—Sweet Dishes—Fruits—Ices—Cakes—French Bread—To make and preserve Yeast—To pot and roast Cheese.—To poach Eggs—On managing a Dairy—Home Brewery—Cookery for the Sick—Useful Directions to give to Servants.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the directions which follow were intended for the conduct of the families of the authoress's own daughters, and for the arrangement of their table, so as to unite a good figure with proper economy, she has avoided all excessive luxury, such as essence of ham, and that wasteful expenditure of large quantities of meat for gravy, which so greatly contributes to keep up the price, and is no less injurious to those who eat, than to those whose penury bids them abstain. Many receipts are given for things which, being in daily use, the mode of preparing them may be supposed too well known to require a place in a cookery book; yet how rarely do we meet with fine melted butter, good toast and water, or well made coffee! She makes no apology for minuteness in some articles, or for leaving others unnamed, because she writes not for professed cooks. This little work would have been a treasure to herself, when she first set out in life, and she therefore hopes it may be useful to others. In that idea it is given to the public, and as she will receive from it no emolument, so she trusts it will escape without censure.

The best recommendation this work can have, is to say, that it has run through three large editions the year past.

October 1, 1808.

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1. The MISCELLANEOUS CLASSICS are printing on fine vellum paper, similar to the two first volumes, already published, and which are ready to be delivered to subscribers.
2. The work will be issued, one or more volumes a month, and delivered to subscribers in extra boards, at one dollar each, payable on delivery; and if not pressed, one dollar and twenty-five cents.
3. Any person having other editions of any of these authors, may have the privilege of taking such only as they have not; or theirs will be taken at a fair price, in part payment.
4. Individuals procuring subscribers are entitled to one copy for every ten they may obtain, they becoming responsible for the payment.
5. The names and residence of the subscribers to the MISCELLANEOUS CLASSICS, shall be published at the end of the work.

Boston, June 22, 1808.

Subscriptions for the above are received at the Bookstore of THOMAS & TAPPAN.

LOST.

Lost on Saturday last, a pocket

book containing eleven hundred dollars in various notes, with divers other papers, of no benefit to any but the owner.

Whoever may find, and will return the same, shall be handsomely rewarded.

EZEKIEL FLANDERS.

Portsmouth, Oct. 15, 1808.

The Literary Mirror,

PUBLISHED ON SATURDAYS,

By STEPHEN SEWALL,

AT HIS PRINTING OFFICE IN COURT-STREET,

OPPOSITE THE BRICK MARKET,

PORTSMOUTH,

N. H.